

The Pocahontas Times.

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR

By W. H. Hull

During the winter of 1860-61 our country shared the agitation common to our entire country. By far the larger portion of our people were not original secessionists, but when coercion was threatened they cast in their lot with the South.

It is scarcely possible for the younger generation of our people to realize the profound anxiety, as to the impending crisis that weighed upon the minds and sympathies of our people. They could be seen standing or sitting around in groups earnestly discussing the issues involved. Especially was this the case at the post offices and other public places. The mails in those days were weekly and weakly, sometimes on account of high waters and other hindrances they did not come just as they do now, but a week was much longer to wait than when we have a daily mail.

On mail days crowds of people would gather at the post offices to get the news papers in order to hear the news from the political centers. There were not nearly so many newspapers taken as at present, and frequently some one who was a good reader would be put up to read the news, and the comments of the leading men on the situation. As time progressed the clouds became darker and war inevitable. An anomaly of the times was, that both the North and the South entertained the same delusion, that all either side had to do was to make a show of fight and the other would back down. They went on cherishing this delusion until they rushed together, and blood was shed, and the war was on in earnest. In the spring of 1861 Capt. Daniel A. Stofor, who had been a soldier in the Mexican war, raised a company of volunteers at Huntersville.

There was also a volunteer cavalry company raised in the lower end of the county, in the Levels District, which was afterwards disbanded, and a second company organized of which Capt. Wm L. McNeel was captain. In the mean time efforts were being made to raise a volunteer company in the Greenbank district. Public meetings were held, speeches were made, and those able for military duty were urged to volunteer. Captain Stofor attended these meetings and was considered good authority on military matters. Upon one occasion the Captain brought his company with him and put them through a number of military evolutions. During the month of April a volunteer company was organized at Greenbank numbering fifty-three members, rank and file, which was afterwards increased, from time to time, to more than twice that number. J. C. Arbogast was elected Captain; G. W. Siple 1st Lieut.; J. F. Gum 2nd Lieut. and John R. Warwick Orderly sergeant.

An order was sent out for all the volunteer troops of the county to assemble at Edray on the first day of May.

Saturday the 1st day of May, 1861, was a sad day all over the county. It seemed that the time had come when loved ones would have to separate, perhaps never to meet again in this world.

When finally they were compelled to go quite a number of persons, composed of elderly men, women, and children, followed them to the fording of the creek about three fourths of a mile below the village.

Academy

While we do not doubt that the present winter for continued cold, snows, storms, drifts and generally disagreeable weather especially we have had for a great many years, we still hold that we have had more remarkable and extraordinary weather in recent years. The wet weather of the year 1906 continued throughout August, September and October. During the early part of October the rain fell was dreadful heavy and the weather up to the 9th of the month was so dark, gloomy and depressing as to cast a damper over everybody. Suicides in portions of the country increased to an alarming extent. On the night of the 10th a severe storm raged in the mountains north and west of Academy and on the morning of the 11th it swept over the valley of the Little Levels, dashing and tossing the snow in such confusion as to remind one of a western blizzard. It continued in severity throughout the day, covering the ground with snow to a depth of two inches, and causing a general suspension of business. A beautiful and picturesque sight was the green oaks, grass and all kinds of vegetation covered with the spotless white snow. Up to the time of the storm Jack frost had not put in his appearance—never tinged with his blighting breath a single leaf, plant or flower, therefore everything in the beautiful greenness of spring. No one in this section of country can ever remember of the storms and snows of winter coming before the frost. It was a reversal of the laws of nature and will in all probability never occur again. Then if not exacting on your time and patience we would like to refer to April, 1907, which will in all probability never be forgotten because of its unusually cold and stormy weather. On the 6th day a series of cold furiously driven snow storms began which continued without intermission up to the 16th. Ten days without a halt. Think of it! Such a spell of continuous cold stormy weather in the month of April never occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Reliable persons coming in from the Cranberry country reported the snow 23 inches in depth. When the awful storm began it was regarded lightly by the people, as storms of snow rarely last over two days in April. But when it raged for 10 successive days it cast a gloom over the whole community and everybody longed for the end.

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood, grip and whooping cough being the most prevalent. Mrs. M. J. McNeel who has been quite ill is slowly convalescing also Mrs. Captain Edgar and Mrs. George Callison. Floyd Hinkle's baby, aged about six months, died of whooping cough on Saturday morning February 22nd.

Dr. H. W. McNeel contemplates building a residence on the lot he recently purchased from the Misses Beard.

The announcement of J. H. Bazzard for sheriff of the county has we presume, caused the voters to think seriously of a suitable person to succeed him as assessor. The assessor's office is a very important one, and in our humble opinion a good man should be chosen to successfully render its requirements, a man of sterling character, conservative, efficient,

and possessing that courtliness of manner, that solidity and substantialness which befits a public man and inspires the confidence of the people. In Mr. E. H. Moore, of Academy, we have just such a man, and we hope that every voter in the county will rise as one man and select Mr. Moore for our next assessor. The unequivocal support of the voters of the county would greatly encourage him in making the run. Let us hear from other parts of the county. It would be highly gratifying to us to know that our sentiments have been voiced by other voters.

Green Hill School

Sub-district of Edray: As we never gave an account of our school, we will here give a brief description. When I first came and enlisted upon my duty in the above mentioned district I only found reading, spelling and arithmetic. But since then we have taken up geography, language, physiology, history and grammar. The added studies have met the approval of all. Starve the child of something to busy himself with, and the school house is looked upon by the child as a prison pen rather than a place of learning. So far there has been but one pupil absent for any length of time, and sickness being the cause of this. We trust that the patronage of the district will still retain the same interest in the future months of our school as they have in the past, for with out them being interested in the welfare of their children the teacher cannot accomplish much let him try ever so hard. I wish to express my sincerest regards, and trust that they may always be ready to aid in any undertaking that shall make the future appear brighter for the rising generation. Teach the child in his youth the road it should follow, and it will not betray therefrom in old age.

EMMETT C. BUSH, Teacher.

Edray

Mrs. Ruth Moore is much improved at this time.

Mrs. F. P. Anderson, of Roncoverte, is visiting relatives here.

Elmer Poage is on the sick list at this writing.

John D. Gay, who has been very sick, is improving slowly.

Wm. Baxter has been visiting friends at Dry Branch for some time.

Harper and Kent Turner have gone south to spend the winter.

Miss Ruth Sharp, who has been attending school at Marlinton is at home, and will attend the remainder of the Edray school.

Misses Clara and Edith Marsont spent Sunday with their parents here.

Thomas Malcomb, of Knapps Creek, was visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs. Geo. Tyler, recently.

Neal Barlow, of Warwick has been visiting his father who has been quite poorly for some time.

George Griffin, who has been confined to his bed with grip for two weeks, is able to be out.

W. H. Shearer was in this part a few days ago gathering up his sheep.

Hoxie Gay had the misfortune to get badly hurt a few days ago, but is getting better now.

Misses May and Georgia Sharp were visiting the sick at Poage's Lane last week.

Much sympathy is expressed for the family of B. L. Galford in their sorrow and trouble.

The Governor of South Carolina has hit upon a line of counsel that is likely to be taken. He says: "Listen to your wife."

From Oklahoma
Ponca, Okla.
February 19, 1908.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

Thinking you would like to hear from some of the western friends, and as this is the first winter weather we have had in 1908, the one time of snow and cold weather made me a little home sick, and made me fall to think of my numerous relatives and friends in West Virginia.

The climate in Oklahoma is quite mild and I think too short. On the contrary the summers a little too long and hot. This is the only fault I can find with Oklahoma. They have good schools and churches here and the public schools are carefully attended to. The Sunday school teachers in our church will make presents and offer all kinds of inducements to get them interested in their attendance. This you know is calculated to do good and not evil.

The people here are busy plowing and getting ready to sow oats and plant potatoes and other early spring vegetables. When it rains it pours in torrents, and then it will suddenly clear up and one cannot help but think how such changes be so quickly, and everything quiet as a lamb.

This is a beautiful country and one can see a long way when he stands on a little knoll—fifteen or twenty miles. You can see the water towers of some of the cities and towns. They have everything up-to-date here. The R. F. B. men have automobiles to carry the mail as often as any other way, and some of the automobiles are quite nice.

The best kind of dry feed they have here for stock is alfalfa and cow peas. Cow peas hay is one of the finest things for milk cows in the world. We have thoroughly tried it and know whereof we speak. The price of hogs are down and lots of other things since the panic struck us. But notwithstanding this we are all faring sumptuously every day and have nothing yet to complain of.

The people here are kind to a fault, and ready to help one another if needed. There are so many Germans and all kinds of foreigners here, and representatives from every state—less from Georgia and Virginia than from any two states; the statistics show it. There are so many Canadians; our family physician is a Canadian and is a fine man. The water here is not up to our good old springs in the mountains, but the grapes and peaches raised here almost counter balances the difference in these two blessings. The peach tree lives longer here than in Virginia, and grows to a tremendous size. This may not be interesting to my good friends, so I will stop.

The Baptists of St. Albans are without a pastor. They advertised for one, received an answer, made a contract and when the new leader of the flock arrived he was of the wrong color. Ten days after the advertisement appeared a letter came from St. Louis from Rev. A. R. Stallings, who said he was a Baptist of the old school and could give the best of references. He was hired, a banquet arranged in his honor but when the negro appeared both he and committee realized they had made a mistake. He returned on the next train—R. D. eighth Reporter.

Why Politicians Disagree.
Crazy people never act together, declares the superintendent of a large asylum for the insane. "If one inmate attacks an attendant, as sometimes happens, the others would look upon it as an affair of theirs and simply watch it out. The moment we discover two or more inmates working together we would know they were on the road to recovery."

Old Whiskers, The Ram

Being the
Reminiscences
of a
Nature Fakir

By
John Kendrick Bangs

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"Yes," the captain was saying as I entered the post office to get my mail and buy a porous plaster to stop the leak in my roof, "they ain't as many deer around these here parts as they used to be, an' somehow or other I don't blame 'em much for not bein' so sociable as they was before the trolley came through, and the place began to fill up with summer boarders. They was a time when this here place was worth 'avin' in for man or deer, but them days is gone. When the population was largely made up of fishermen and poor artists that came up here in April and hung around until Thanksgiving paintin' us 'our houses an' 'our rocks, an' them deer, it was a pleasant place to live in, but now it ain't nothin' but profitable."

"I guess they're more ready money in profit than they be in mere pleasure," Jim said the postmaster. "I can think of rattle along better myself these days than I could in them times when I had to lend them artist fellows the money to buy postage stamps to send home for spondulix they didn't never seem to get."

"I ain't sayin' that ye can't, Joe," said the captain. "But somehow or other them old days makes putty fine thinkin'. Haw, haw! say, do you remember that fellow Dusenberry, the stogie painter that come up here in '87 lookin' for material? He was a grand feller, that man Dusenberry. He could paint a cow at one settin' that would look so like a goat you could almost hear him baa. I never see such a thing since. He painted the portrait of an old ram of Si Wother- spoon's and paint him every color in the rainbow except the color he was, an' sell the blame thing for more'n the 'riginal old ram was worth. I think he must ha' painted that animal every day for three months, callin' each one of his pictures by a different name, like 'Sheep Life on the Coast of Maine,' 'Old Horace, the Mascot,' 'The Children's Hour,' 'A Study in Scarlet,' and things like that."

"And finally old Whiskers died?" I put in inquiringly.

"Yep—finally old Whiskers died," said the captain. "Ye see Dusenberry's rams got so pop'lar among the art lovers of the elight that Dusenberry found he could afford to build a shack up in Bill River's rock pasture, right by the sea, to do his paintin' in in wet weather. He called it a stogie. It looked like a woodshed behind and a cold frame in front. The front part was all built of glass, so that Dusenberry could get 'em the light he needed to paint by. Them artists need a lot of it, and I tell ye, I'd hate to have to pay for them windows they has runnin' from the cellar clean up to the roof. The first season he had that there stogie was the most successful financially in Dusenberry's career. He came up about the first of May an' he didn't go back to town until late in October, and every day except Sundays he turned out what he called a new study of Whiskers. He had him gazin' out to sea with a



"Poisoned?"

nourish look in his eye, an' called it 'Longin'.' I don't know what he was longin' for, but that's what Dusenberry called it, an' I will say it was a mighty interestin' picture, tho' I never seed the sea lookin' quite so yaller, nor old Whiskers lookin' quite so green. Then he done another showin' of old Whiskers standin' along the skyline eatin' rocks, with the sun goin' down on the other side of him. He called that 'Twilight,' an' I told him I thought it was a durned appropriate name. 'For, Dusenberry,' says I, 'it'll soon be twilight for any purple ram in creation when he gets to swallowin' pea-grass rocks, while a sorrel sun—a settin' back of his off hind leg. I don't think Dusenberry set much store by my remark. He got kind of pink around his gills himself when I made it, and said that color-blindness was a common gift among the uneducated. I allowed as how I attributed mine to

the excise laws which acts as a sort of restraining influence on the emanation, bein', as they are, wholly prohibitive. But howsoever, the liquor regulations interfere with a sense of color among the natives up here, Dusenberry, as I says, got around my color, an' that summer, turnin' out a new view of old Whiskers every day exceptin' Sundays, which he devoted to lettin' his pictures dry. It's surprisin' when you set your mind on it what variety there is in an old ram like that. You'd think one picture would tell about all they was to be said about old Whiskers, but Dusenberry didn't seem to find no difficulty about gettin' some new aspect of the situation day in and day out. When the first of September came, he hired a freight car an' sent 92 of them little paintin's off to Boston to be framed up for his fall exhibition, an' then he turned to do thutty more, only this time with the spirit of autumn in 'em. He had Whiskers leapin' over the scarlet rocks of October; lookin' wistfully at a pink tug-boat out on the lead-colored ocean carryin' blue tank-bark to Portsmouth—he called this one 'Expectation,' though whether he meant by that that old Whiskers expected to see the tug blowed out to sea, or was hopin' it would come ashore so's he could eat the tank-bark he never explained.

"Didn't ye ask?" queried the postmaster.

"No," said the captain. "Long about the tenth week I sort of quit askin' Dusenberry for reasons for anything. He got kind of tetchy whenever I made remarks about what he was doin', an' finally I decided I'd better not make any more, because sooner or later I might say somethin' that would make him say somethin' that I'd have to lick him for, and seein' as how his wife bought eggs o' my wife, and lobsters an' mackerel o' me, an' milk o' my son, an' butter o' my daughter Sadie's second husband, it didn't seem worth while for me to insist on my views as to the difference between art an' nature. I got so that once when Dusenberry showed me a sketch he'd made of old Whiskers—in which the

riens times. The balance ain't been heard from for nine years, and for the past six I ain't asked for no letters from Bogglesworth at this here post office, which shows how I feel about my chances o' gettin' it. Anyhow, Dusenberry an' Bogglesworth wasn't stuck on each other, as them summer boarders puts it, and somehow or other old Whiskers he seemed to feel it, and whenever Bogglesworth would come anywhere around he'd beget to



while he was grazin' around the stogie eatin' some real grass and chawin' up the 'old odds and ends of Sunday newspapers an' ten-cent magazines that lay around, he see old man Bogglesworth settin' in front of his easel down on the rocks, doin' the cove's hard that if a house fell on him he wouldn't ha' knowed it. The very sight was enough for old Whiskers. He let out a snort ye could hear from the Presbyterian church down 'a far as the merry-go-round on Plik's beach an' started on a dead run for Bogglesworth, an' the first thing we fellers as was cleanin' fish an' moidin' our net down by the cove knowed he'd butted



"Bogglesworth!"

old ram was dyed to a sort of cross between lemon-vermillion and the color of Ike Barclay's dun cow, eatin' a colored thistle growin' up between two orange rocks, instead of lamina' at it I looked at it for a second, an' then I burst out kind of passionate. 'I gorry, Dusenberry,' says I, 'that's art!' He was mighty pleased with that, an' he cocked his head to one side and slapped me on the shoulder and says, 'You're comin' on, Captain, you're comin' on. We'll make a cricket of you yet.' I felt like sayin' 'that if he painted me he'd prob'ly make a grasshopper out o' me before I knowed it, but I didn't. I just thought of the relations of our families and didn't think it wuth while to bring up no animosities. It didn't seem to hurt the ram, neither—though if I'd been Si Wother-spoon and had any pride in the beard I wouldn't ha' let Dusenberry treat him the way he did. Fact is, it wasn't none o' my business, but I do think, and ain't afeared to say, that Dusenberry wasn't as grateful to old Whiskers as he might ha' been.

"I remember that very month of September there was another one of them artists down here paintin' the cove, an' he an' Dusenberry wasn't particularly friendly, neither. They belonged to different schools, somebody said, an' for that reason they hated each other like pizen. Dusenberry'd sneer at Bogglesworth's pictures, and Bogglesworth'd would say that Dusenberry'd do very well paintin' barns an' plumbers' signs, but as far as art was concerned—well, he wouldn't say anything about Dusenberry an' art in the same century—he'd just laugh, an' shrug his shoulders like that French piano player down to the Riverview, an' walk away. Well, this feller Bogglesworth, as I was sayin', he come down here to paint the cove. He done it about as often as Dusenberry done the ram; at sunset, before breakfast, and after lunch; in the fog, an' out of it; an' I must say he got most of it in except the suell o' fish an' sea-weed. He called his things 'Moods,' an' some of 'em was putty durned moody."

"I remember him," said the postmaster. "He paid me for his August groceries with a picture of the cove at midnight in October."

"He's the feller," said the captain. "We got the 'Cove at Dusk' as part payment for two crates o' fresh eggs an' 40 pounds o' codfish served at va-